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LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

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LETTER XII.

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I HAD hoped to have taken you with me, my young readers, upon another walk in Paris, but circumstances made it impossible, so I must invite you to accompany me upon my journey to this place, where with many others I come in search of the healing influences of the mineral waters in which it abounds.

I left Paris with my party on the fifteenth of June. We arrived at Brussels at four o'clock in the afternoon and had enough time before dinner to take a good walk in this beautiful city, and to admire the outside of the cathedral. Directly in front of our hotel was a fine equestrian statue of Godfrey of Bouillon. In the morning we examined the interior of the cathedral, and did

our duty as travellers in the way of sight-seeing. I will not, however, inflict upon you a page from Murray's Hand Book, but simply observe that the most interesting thing to us was the Hotel de ville, with its beautiful tower of Gothic open work. In the market-place, in front of it, was the spot where Count Egmont was beheaded by order of the cruel duke of Alva, while he looked on to enjoy the sight. I must not forget to mention the beautiful carved pulpit in the great church; it is considered the masterpiece of Verbruggen. It represents Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise; the figures, the size of life, are full of expression and beauty; the trees and animals are also most admirably carved, the whole forms the base of the pulpit; the wood is of oak and of a most beautiful color.

We were greatly pleased with it; it was the first of the kind we saw. In the afternoon we set out for Antwerp. This was diverging a little from the direct route to Germany, but we wished to see the famous cathedral, and the pictures for which it is so celebrated. It is all in vain to attempt to communicate any idea of the splendor and glory of its lofty, exquisitely wrought spire, one of the highest in the world, and yet so delicately wrought that Charles the Fifth said it should be kept in a case, and Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. You are lost in wonder and delight as you look at it. You must read about it, and better still, if possible, go and see it. Near this grand building, is an old draw-well, now a pump, covered with a gothic canopy of wrought iron, surmounted by a bunch of flowers and leaves of the same metal, so perfectly imitated and exquisitely finished that you almost think the wind will

move them, and all this done by the hammer on what would seem to us an unmanageable metal: it is a miracle of beauty. It was the gift and the work of Quentin Matsys, a blacksmith, who fell in love with the daughter of a painter, and who in order to obtain her hand, changed his profession for that of her father, in which he discovered the same genius as in his works in iron, and he met with deserved success and obtained his reward. We afterwards saw many of his pictures, which we liked very much. In the Cathedral is a tablet to his memory, with this latin verse on it,

"Connubialis Amor de Mulcibre fecit Appellem."

"'Twas love connubial taught the smith to paint."

We were so unfortunate as to miss seeing the great picture of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross. It was in the hands of some one to be cleaned, and no one under any circumstances was allowed to see it. We were obliged to submit. But we saw enough fine pictures, to learn what a fine picture is, and to get heartily in love with Vandyke and Rubens, if we had not been before; but we became almost worshippers of these two great men, more especially Vandyke. Never think that any one says too much to you about either of them. Their pictures, some of them at least, fill the soul with wonder and delight.

We saw in the Museum at Antwerp, the chair in which Rubens used to sit—a little, simple looking old chair, much worn; it was kept in a glass case. We saw the house he lived in. There is also in the front of the Cathedral a statue of Rubens. But all these things and many more interesting facts, you find in Murray,

and I will pass on to what relates more to ourselves. We met with very little annoyance upon the whole, from custom house officers, on the frontiers of Belgium. I was called upon once to come and declare that I had worn a dress which the officer was examining carefully and holding up to the public gaze, and wished to prove was intended for sale. When I appeared and declared that I was travelling for pleasure and health, and asked him if he thought I looked like a *marchande de modes*, after looking in my pale face he immediately folded up my dress and put it back in the trunk and locked it and gave me the key, and made no further search. Thus various little parcels of new Paris gloves escaped, which I had some fear of losing.

From Antwerp we went to Louvain, where again we saw glorious buildings; most especially did we pay our homage to the Hotel de ville, a miracle of beauty, and feasted our eyes again with fine pictures of Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers and Poussin. Oh how beautiful they were. How constantly we felt that we had never seen pictures before. How can Americans ever think of criticizing pictures? we are such ignorant babies with regard to this art, and to all others in fact. For years to come, we must go to Europe as scholars, as worshippers, but not as critics; we are too ignorant and our eyes too unpractised. We cannot teach, but here is a chance to learn, and to drink in a fulness of pleasure that finds no words to express itself in.

I had no idea of the delight I should receive from seeing the churches; the sublime thought of the architect, expressed by the springing arches, so lofty, so graceful, so heaven-aspiring; the long dim aisles, the

crossing and recrossing lines of the arches, all so beautiful; the stained glass, the carved wood like embroidery, the grand old pictures by the noble masters of the art, the exquisitely soft religious light, and then coming slowly and seemingly so far off you cannot believe it in the same building, the full, deep-toned bell, so musical, so melancholy, so solemn, and dying away with such a sweet sadness; and then ere that has passed away, the sound of the chime of bells in another part of the edifice, ringing out a merry tune. And this while you are looking at some divine face painted by Rubens or Vandyke. Oh I have enjoyed these moments infinitely. But I must restrain myself when I speak of churches or pictures; one gives no idea of these things by any description.

We passed Sunday at Cologne; here we saw the Rhine for the first time—our inn was on its banks. In itself the river here is very uninteresting, the banks are flat, and there are few views we can take of the Hudson, with which the Rhine is often compared, so dull as this grand river is here. Still it was the majestic Rhine; and although it was not clear blue water as we expected, we would not be hasty in our judgment, and made the best of the present, looking forward to what was to be. It was the Rhine—we were in Germany—directly before our window was the steamer “Schiller,” and there the “Goethe”—and we heard the German language spoken, instead of the frightful jargon we had heard in Belgium. It was a moonlight evening, and when all business was over and the working classes were all in their beds, a little knot of Germans sauntered along the banks of the river,

singing some of their lovely songs, so simple, so sweet, so melodious — oh yes, it is the Rhine! and these are Germans. No people sing as they do — just as the birds sing — for nature bids them — they must sing.

It was some holiday in the church, so there was grand mass in the cathedral, and such music! — the immense building was filled with the sound. The full organ was played, and some of the priest singers took part. Never did music so overcome me. I had been to the Conservatoire in Paris, and felt its power there; but the sublime piece, — as we thought of Beethoven's, surely of some great composer, — performed as we heard it in this glorious old cathedral, was beyond all that we had ever dreamt of. It seems to me that I might think of it again in my dying hour with delight. I felt as if it created a new soul in me. Such gushes of sweet sound, such joyful fulness of melody, such tender breathings of hope and love and peace, and then such floods of harmony filling all those sublime arches, ascending to the far distant roof and running along through the dim aisles — oh, one must hear, to have an idea of the effect of such music in such a place. I shall never forget the Cathedral of Cologne. But I must not say any more of pictures and churches.

At Bonn we took the steamer, and prepared our minds for the great joy before us, as far as possible. We had Murray in hand, the steamer was excellent, the day was perfect, and our pleasure was as full as human enjoyment can be. You have probably read so many accounts of the scenery of the Rhine — at any rate, there are so many — and it is so familiar, that if I could, I would not attempt to describe it. You must see one of

these fine old castles on the top of these beautiful hills — you must yourself see the blue sky through its ruined arches — you must see the vines covering every inch of the mountain that is not solid rock, and witness the lovely effect of the grey rock mingling with the tender green — you must hear the wild legend of the owner of the castle in his day of power, and feel the passage of time and civilization that has changed his fastness of strength and rapine to a beautiful adornment of this scene of peace and plenty, its glories all humbled, its terrors all passed away, and its great and only value the part it plays in a picture and the lesson it preaches in its decay of the progress of justice and humanity.

We arrived early enough at Coblenz to enable us to cross the bridge of boats and ascend the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and see the sunset from its terrace. The Moselle empties itself into the Rhine just here, and the view of the two rivers and the glorious country around surpasses all description. This is a fortress of tremendous strength ; it is said that it is capable of containing provisions for eight thousand men for ten years. I begged to be allowed to look at the sleeping apartments of the soldiers. The officer who was our guide took us into one of their Zimmers. The beds were placed one over the other as if on shelves. The men seemed very happy and much amused at our wishing to see their sleeping rooms. There were muskets in the room. I said in my imperfect German, "It is better to be at peace here than to be — shooting people," I wanted to say, as I halted at the last part of my sentence, one of the men who understood me put up his hands as in the attitude of shooting me. They were all very merry

at this joke, and I joined heartily in the laugh, and left them with a 'guten abend.' Let me mention here, that you seldom meet a German in the morning or evening that he does not salute you with guten morgen or guten abend as it may be, and with a friendly smile that seems a recognition of the human brotherhood that we hear of once a week in our church-going community, but I do not think bear about with us so much in our hearts as the Germans do.

From Coblenz to Bingen is the glory of the Rhine scenery; old castles looking down over these lovely hills covered with vines and cornfields; little villages nestled in between them; beautiful spires of the prettiest churches you can imagine looking as if they gathered the houses of the villagers under their protecting wings. Your soul, in short, is full of unutterable delight. It was a sort of relief to laugh at the legend as we passed the little island on which is the Mouse Tower, so named from the history of Bishop Hatto, who it is said was eaten up by rats because he refused corn in a time of scarcity to the starving poor when he had a plenty rotting in his store-houses.

When we were obliged at last to turn away from all these glories, the words of Byron were in our hearts, and might have been on our lips.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! how long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way.

* * * * *

Adieu to thee again; a vain adieu;
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine.
The mind is colored by thy every hue,


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And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,  
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.  
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,  
But none unite in one attracting maze  
The brilliant, fair and soft, the glories of old days,  
The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of summer ripeness, the white cities' sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,  
In mockery of man's art."

At Mayence we took the railroad to Bensheim, the place of our destination. A word I must say in favor of the German railroads. They are excellent, and so are the cars. The third class cars are good enough for any one, far better than the English second class.

From Bensheim, we made an excursion to Heidelberg. It is a little paradise of a place, but every one knows all about Heidelberg. We had a letter to a lady there from Mr. Crabbe Robinson. She was very kind to us, and accompanied us on a visit to the castle. It was very pleasant thus to be welcomed by a friend of the dear friend of Charles Lamb. But he had already given us the great pleasure of his society and friendly welcome to England.

An eminent physician of Heidelberg insisted upon my coming to Homburg and passing a month for my health. And here we are, making a small item in the great crowd who fill this little town. Homburg is laid out on a gentle eminence, and is surrounded by mountains. From these mountains come the mineral waters of which

the earth is full. Wherever you dig, there spring up these healing waters. The only fresh water, also, that they have, is brought from the mountains. It is perfectly delicious.

The Elizabeth fountain, which is the one most visited, is not unpleasant. A railing surrounds it, and in the morning hundreds and hundreds come for their healing draught. Three or four nice girls wait upon the whole company. A very fine band of music plays from six to eight o'clock, when the company go to breakfast. The fountains are in a very large garden filled with every sort of beautiful and delicious flowers. Delightful walks, smooth as a bowling alley, and through rows of lovely trees, tempt the company to walk, and nothing can be gayer or prettier than the whole scene is. All these beautiful arrangements of the wells and gardens were made by Elizabeth, the daughter of George the Third, when she was the Landgravine. Besides this garden there is another round the Kursaal a public building where the band plays every afternoon and every evening for the company. The Gardens also of the Castle are open to the public, and lovely they are, so that you cannot walk a quarter of a mile anywhere, without falling into some beautiful grounds laid out with exquisite taste. All these walks and this music and a handsome ball once a week, are open to the visitors to the waters. Also fishing and shooting in the Landgrave's ground, for the asking.

Do you ask what supports all this. It is a public gaming-table, which brings in, they say, twenty per cent. to the proprietor. In a great hall in the Kursaal, is a large gaming table surrounded by players from eight in

the morning to eleven in the evening. It is done all above board, no one can cheat, and the towns people are forbidden to play, but all the visitors to the baths are admitted and their money supports the whole establishment. Two French gentlemen have hired the whole concern, gardens and springs, and the right to keep a gaming table, of the Landgrave; they pay him I am told, thirty thousand florins a year, for these privileges, and find their account in it; and saving the evil of the gaming table, the public are greatly benefited by it; but no good can make up for that evil. People go into the hall to look at the gamesters. I have been two or three times. All looks quiet and decent, and by their countenances you would not know who are the men who are losing or winning little fortunes while you are looking on.

One lady won a sum of money at this table, large enough to build a row of houses in Homburg, and very nice houses they are. They say she loses or wins with great good nature, and is very charitable. Nothing can be more amusing than a few weeks in this strange place. They have concerts, and they have a theatre, and a good circulating library. The town is very clean, the air is delicious, and you can live very cheap and very quiet, if you choose.

Here we shall remain in hopes of being benefited by the waters. We have had the happiness to meet here a most delightful friend whom we had met before in England, who would make any place agreeable. These pleasant chances are among the best pleasures of traveling, and are foretastes of that joy we all have glimmering hopes of when we shall meet all the good and great

whom we have known or wished to know in this world, in our Father's house, where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown. E. L. F.

## WANDERINGS AMONG THE PYRENEES,

### OR, THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

[Concluded.]

"THE tour among the Pyrenees had naturally occasioned a more friendly and confidential relation between Olivier and myself, than had before subsisted. Amid nature's eternal grandeur, the conventional distinctions of custom and insolent prejudice, or false pride, easily vanish. A guide may soon become a friend, and perform services not to be balanced or compensated by money. Although Olivier had had no opportunity to afford me any extraordinary aid, and I should on no account have made him my confidant in any affair, he still repeatedly obtruded himself upon me in a manner which displeased me, appearing as if he would not, or could not, understand any little hints that I wished to be rid of him.

One day I had turned into my favorite path, leading to the tower, and was deeply pondering on my future course in life, when he familiarly accosted me with, —

'Why so thoughtful, Sir? You are undoubtedly on your way to the old tower, to make antiquarian investigations among its ruins; may I offer you my company?'



'Oh no!' I replied, 'I am no rummager into antiquity — only what is new and modern attracts me.'

'Eh — ah! I had the thought, merely because a while ago you seemed to be so much interested in the ruined cabin on the hill yonder; you probably wished to explore the hermit's grave. Who knows, whether we should not be paid for the trouble of examining it a little — there is a rumor about a buried treasure — but we must do it privately — we two alone — nobody must know.'

It seemed to me singular that the man should so thrust himself upon me, and try now again to lure me into the neighborhood of that suspicious place. I hastened my steps towards the baths, and said to him in passing, 'If you like, we will visit the hut together sometime, it is too late to-day; besides a storm is rising in fearful majesty above Maladetta, we shall hardly reach Bagneres before it overtakes us.'

'The hut would have sheltered us,' he muttered, while he hastened on with me.

'I prefer, however, at all times the shelter of a comfortable dwelling house, to that of a deserted hut upon the mountains,' was my reply, and the conversation passed to another subject.

Behind us, crashing peals of thunder rolled in reverberating echoes among the mountains, and forked lightnings gleamed in red and blue over the ice-fields of the Maladetta. 'We may thank Heaven,' said I, turning the conversation upon the weather, 'that this storm did not overtake us among the mountains;' and Olivier then proceeded to describe in glowing terms, a similar tempest which he had weathered with a younger

brother, who was a law-student in Montpellier, and some travellers whom he was conducting into Spain, over Mount Perdu. Where is the mountain traveller, however, who has not struggled with the stormy elements, who has not trembled beneath their awful wings, and felt the nothingness of his earthly nature? It is no virtue to journey in beautiful weather, enjoying every accommodation; the art is to learn to keep a good heart in tempests and hurricanes, not to murmur when the elements compel you to turn in, and when nothing you need is to be obtained, save the shelter of a bare roof.

We had now arrived at my lodgings, and were in the act of separating, when Olivier, whom I had not expected to renew the mention of the hut, began again.

'To-day is Friday; perhaps your Honor may incline on Sunday afternoon to take a walk to the cabin. I will lay a wager that we shall find something interesting there. Will you?'

'Done!' said I, with a quick resolve; 'Call for me after dinner, at four o'clock, or you may wait for me abroad somewhere.'

My determination seemed to give Olivier great pleasure. He repeated the assurance that the examination would reward us, and withdrew, again enjoining secrecy.

The next day I communicated the arrangement to my countrymen, and desired them to repair quietly, an hour before us, to the neighborhood of the spot, and conceal themselves among the bushes near the hut, from whence they were to emerge when they saw Olivier and myself enter it.

The Sunday came. With some anxiety I awaited the appointed hour. The family of my hosts were absent; I was alone. Olivier punctually called for me, and in him also, some uneasiness was apparent. On the way, I looked for the signs which had been agreed on between me and my countrymen; they were to break off twigs from the trees and bushes and to lay them across the path, after the fashion in which German sportsmen and foresters mark the track of game. I saw these broken twigs, and now followed my guide without concern; he was never weary of expressing his satisfaction at our undertaking. The path was enlivened by other pedestrians, who however proceeded not farther than half a league, and after we had gone on about a quarter of a league farther, it was as lonely and desolate around us as at the first time of my visiting this romantic mountain solitude. My heart now beat violently, for the thought occurred to me, if Olivier cherishes evil designs, he can as well butcher thee here on the open road, where there is not a living being to be seen, as in the house. But in order that this might not be accomplished easily, even if attempted, I placed my hand upon one of the pistols which I had concealed about me. We were now drawing near to the cabin, Olivier began to whistle in a peculiar manner, as if he wished to amuse himself. The tune was that of one of the dances of the country, resembling the Spanish fandango, and we proceeded to ascend the hill. My companions had concealed themselves effectually, for I could not perceive a trace of them.

We had now reached the hut. Its roof was composed of moss and laths, which had been partially torn

off by the winds, so that the moss hung down. The stone walls also, had in part fallen in, and everything announced decay and neglect. But the back wall which was formed by a natural perpendicular rock, was quite covered over with fresh moss, and even when close to it, the eye with difficulty perceived the seams of a door.

‘Now then, Master Olivier,’ said I, in a voice loud enough for the men in ambush to hear me, ‘where is the hermit’s grave? Here we stand, at the goal of our search, for there is no penetrating this wall of rock.’

‘Who knows, your Honor?’ returned Olivier with a sinister grin, while he struck on the stone with his iron-pointed cane, and I then heard the turning of an iron door upon its hinges. ‘What is this?’ cried I, — ‘a concealed door here!’

‘The ghost of the pious hermit will presently open it; only keep quiet, Sir fiddler,’ replied Olivier, fixing his eye on me.

‘Take care that you play me no tricks,’ was my warning, ‘I am not so helpless as you perhaps imagine.’

At this moment, steps sounded within, and at the same time there was a rustling in the bushes outside of the hut. The door opened, and two men were visible; but at the same instant my ambuscade rushed into the stone hut, and in a twinkling Olivier and the two others were seized and held fast, while the physician’s great dog also sprung upon one of them who wore a long beard and cowl — the other was dressed like a peasant. The hut became so full of people that they could hardly stir, and nothing was to be heard but cries, and threatenings and reproaches. I saw many unknown faces, all



of which however belonged to my party, and upon every side I 'caught the joyful shouts, 'These are the robbers, the highwaymen, the murderers! Now we have got them. Now we know their hiding place! Ha! your pay is coming.'"

The friends of the young musician had been joined by officers belonging to the village, who strongly suspected that they might be upon the track of those marauders by whom the country had of late been infested.

The policemen having provided themselves with ropes, now bound the hands and feet of the prisoners, and then proceeded to examine the place. After many warning shouts, muskets were fired into the dark passage, and almost immediately five men were seen at a distance, on the mountain-ridge, hurrying away into the fastnesses.

"The prisoners loaded Olivier with the most fearful curses, believing that he had betrayed them, and that his own capture was only a pretence. Olivier in the mean while vented his anger upon me, and all three of them were sternly threatened by their conquerors.

It was a scene worthy the pencil of a painter — nature in all her beauty, the romantic landscape, the decayed building, the prisoners lying on the ground, writhing, and looking daggers, the angry hound growling over against them, the company of men in their various costumes, the fugitives above, in the distance — all was full of life; and in every countenance excitement and passion. They now lighted splinters and pine branches, and after sending the dog on before them, penetrated into the cave. The rocky passage soon turned side-

wards, and led to a grotto, which they found stored with provisions ; bread, eggs, hams, smoked beef, wine and brandy, abounded in this little cave-repository, and were now brought forth to the light of day — farther on, in the interior, was seen a chest filled with pistols, daggers and ammunition. A sort of inner apartment seemed to have served for a sleeping-place, as it was full of dry leaves.

Before the examination was finished, the magistrates arrived from Bagneres, and the scene became still more animated ; Olivier attempted to deny. He said that he had conducted me hither at my request, but neither knew who his fellow prisoners were, nor wherefore he had been assaulted and bound. The two other prisoners maintained a sullen silence, and the prefect caused them to be conveyed with Olivier to the town. The news had alarmed all the inhabitants, and half the population thronged out of the gates, up the valley, to learn the particulars. The larger portion moved onwards to the very spot, and thus rendered the living picture still more picturesque and variegated. The prefect caused the hollow passage to be penetrated through, to its outlet. In ten minutes, precipitous steps were reached, leading up to a narrow opening on the opposite side of the mountain, and emerging into the light between two perpendicular gigantic rocks, in a most precipitous and lonely portion of the everywhere desolate region.

We did not leave the place until the approach of evening ; highly satisfied with an adventure which would be of so much benefit to the neighborhood. My hosts were amazed at the issue of my excursion. Ma-

rion now expressed to her parents her undisguised abhorrence of Olivier, and triumphed in finding that she had not been mistaken in her previous opinion of his vileness.

Nothing could be elicited at the examination. The man with the beard and cowl confessed only to the being a priest, banished from home by the revolution; he had inhabited the cave on account of his poverty, and had begged his subsistence in the neighborhood as the pious hermit his predecessor had done before. In the meanwhile all this denying was of no avail, it being contradicted by the confession of the third prisoner, who hoped thereby to lessen his own punishment. He averred that he was a mason from Campania, guiltless of all crime; that a company of clergymen had induced him to follow them to that cave and make it more habitable for them. He had in part enlarged the passage; he had filled in many gaps in the rock; he had also constructed private repositories and performed other work of the same kind, because the clergymen had sworn death to heretics, and had murdered a number in times past. They had also taken care to be always well supplied with the means of living, and he had consequently enjoyed himself very well in the cave, which contained considerable money and valuables concealed in hidden places.

After this declaration, the mason was forthwith re-conducted to the cave under a guard of soldiers, and was compelled to show the place where the money was concealed. They found sixty-three louis d'ors, forty-two French crown pieces, and fourteen five franc pieces, with a large number of rings, breast-pins, seals and

lockets, some of which were formed of costly stones, engraved with well-known illustrious coats of arms, and not a doubt could be entertained that the whole was the fruit of plunder.

Orders were then issued by the magistrates to demolish the cabin and fill up the cave. In doing this, a walking-stick was found, with a great many names carved on it, among them that of the celebrated Mirabeau.

An expedition into the mountains was now undertaken by the peasants and soldiery, in consequence of which two persons belonging to the robber band were seized. Upon being examined and denying all participation in their deeds, they were confronted with the mason, and to the question, 'Do you know this man?' they answered, 'No, we do not know him.'

'What do you say, wretches?' cried the mason, 'did not you murder a stranger, a year ago, who had visited Bagneres for the waters, and did not you compel me to wall up the body in one of the side grottoes?'

The prisoners were dumb. Once more the ruined cabin, now nearly demolished, was visited, and not without much digging and great difficulty, the place was at last found where the body had been walled up.

After a time, the three remaining members of this abominable association were also arrested.

It was soon ascertained that I was the immediate cause of the discovery of this hitherto undetected and unknown hiding place of dangerous men. The inhabitants were most grateful to me for making the discovery under circumstances which had so nearly caused me to



be a victim. What an example was it, of a wonderful providence! I was sent by my physician to these baths. In a solitary walk, I happened to notice in that deserted building a door, which had been left open only for a moment, and was usually never opened in the day time. Hatred and jealousy caused me to be selected for a victim, and by that means I became the instrument of bringing to light crimes of long standing; of causing the malefactors to receive the compensation of justice, and of again restoring the security of the mountain roads in the neighborhood of the baths. I was loaded with attentions and gifts; and when I walked through the streets they pointed at me from the window, saying, 'There goes the German musician, to whom we owe the discovery of the Robber's Cave!'

Tales of robbers are perhaps not in general the most profitable study for the young, but the above seems to be so stamped with nature and probability, and so reverently recognizes the leading hand of Providence in the discovery of guilt, that no apology seems necessary for having clothed it in an English dress. It contains a striking illustration, in addition to our own constant observation, of the truth of the Scripture declaration, that 'The way of transgressors is hard,' and the example set by the young musician, in tracing step by step through this remarkable event of his life, the unseen guidance and direction of an over-ruling Power, is well worthy of the imitation of our readers.

L. O.

## TO THE DYING COLUMBUS.

[Translated from the German of Ohlenschläger.]

Soon with thee will all be over,  
Soon the voyage will be begun  
That shall bear thee to discover,  
Far away, a land unknown.

Land that each alone must visit,  
But no tidings bring to men,  
For no sailor, once departed,  
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches  
Come drifting o'er the billows wild;  
On that ocean he who launches,  
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,  
But in peace, and love and faith,  
And with hope attended, sail'st thou  
Off upon the ship of death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,  
Spread then, spread thy canvass wide.  
Spirit! on a sea of æther,  
Soon shalt thou serenely glide.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,  
Fear no hidden breakers there;  
And the fanning wings of angels  
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,  
These Azores — they are of earth.  
Where the rosy clouds are parting,  
There the *Blessed Isles* loom forth.

Seest thou now, thy San Salvador?  
Him, thy Saviour thou shalt hail,  
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,  
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

W. H. F.

## THE UNDERSTANDING AND THE HEART.

(A family dialogue, translated from Herder, with omissions.)

“A FATHER was sitting among his children who were making a long winter evening shorter by playing, talking and jesting. At this time their conversation had taken a very philosophical turn; for they were disputing about the understanding and the heart, in regard to the relative value of the impressions derived from each. They were, you perceive, very metaphysical children. The boys naturally adopted the side of the understanding, because they set out to be very sensible; but all the girls took part with the heart, and were for lodging the great working power lower down in man. So the boys illustrated their notion by drawing faces which were intended to represent every grade of intellect, while the girls cut out hearts with flames and wings, insisting that with the wings they swiftly flew,

and with the flames kindled all around them and burnt forever.

When however after long arguing they were unable to agree, they appealed to their father, who with two night-caps on his gray head was smoking his pipe among them, and thinking upon something else. He roused himself as from a dream, when this question was submitted to him by his boys and girls — ‘Which are the most true and lasting, perceptions or emotions — the impressions of the understanding, or those of the heart?’

‘Which are the most true and lasting, do you ask, perceptions or emotions?’ — and he shoved his caps from side to side — ‘the impressions of the understanding or of the heart?’ — and he took both of them off, laid them on the table, knocked out his pipe and continued, ‘That is a difficult question, my children. I should like to know how you came to propose it.’

They agreed with one accord that it was also a very important question, and that the answer to it ought to fashion their whole plan of life, and furnish its form and basis. They wished to know precisely the relative worth of the understanding and the heart — where was the seat of each, and what were the qualities each was capable of accommodating — also whether the accommodations were convenient and durable.

‘If that be all you want,’ said the old gentleman, replacing his two night-caps, ‘the affair is soon settled. Use the two rightly, my children, for the purposes that God bestowed them on you. Lay before the understanding whatever pertains to it, and do the same in regard to the heart. Seek to think rightly with the



one, and to feel in purity and sincerity with the other, then will both your perceptions and sensations remain true and eternal. In short, make them both go hand in hand, as God has placed both in the same human being — the understanding in the head, the heart in the breast. Let your light therefore shine down on men from above, and let your lamp burn clear in the centre of your being. The heart must not gallop away without the head, neither must the head become a cold stone image, void of breast and heart. Thus will both at length meet together and become united, and through the two you will be rendered happy, while without this union you will always have your labor for your pains.

But what have you been making here, boys — heads? — why heads? Did you ever see a head walk about without a trunk? — And you, girls — what have you made? — winged hearts! Silly children! did you ever see burning hearts fly, or would the aimless flight prosper? Had you only painted an eye in the heart, I should not have objected to your symbol.'

'But father,' said the maidens, 'that is the very meaning of the flames and wings; that which burns and flies has no need of an eye, it would do harm.' — 'And do not you perceive, you little fools, that a heart flying without an eye flies all manner of ways, and may be pricked and wounded in all directions — moreover an ever-burning heart consumes itself.'

'But father, a heart all eye would be too fastidious and could fix itself nowhere, as whenever it came close to an object it would always see too much, and have to take itself off again.'

‘I did not say that your hearts ought to be *all* eye, but that they should have an eye in them, so as to know upon what to fix and where they may fix securely. No wings however, for heaven’s sake; I cannot at all endure *winged* hearts. Your hearts ought to find rest and a firm stand-point, and they should be firm and faithful hearts, for no one would seek a heart which might alight somewhere else tomorrow.

But lay aside this childish symbol, and draw for yourselves a beautiful temple of the heart, standing behind the beautiful open door of the understanding. I will give you an inscription for both. Upon the boys’ door shall be written, ‘To the everlasting Intellect,’ which includes the signification that its impressions must be true, else they could not be eternal. And upon the girls’ tabernacle or temple shall be inscribed, ‘To the good Heart,’ signifying that the impressions of the heart must be in harmony with truth, else they can be neither good, nor agreeable, nor lasting. Boys, make your door firm and beautiful, and put a radiant sun over it. Girls, draw in your temple an altar to Innocence, with the pure flame of joy, gratitude, love and friendship rising from it, and wreath the whole with becoming garlands, as you know how. Above all things however, open your own souls to the impressions both of the intellect and of the heart.’

The old man here paused.

‘Why are you so still and sorrowful all at once, father?’ said the children.

‘I am not sad, my children, but still, and longing for a more perfect state of being. I was thinking of the difference between our speaking and living—in short

of what a poor thing human nature is here below. We are obliged to divide and to subdivide things that are united; I am old, and I long for that state where there are no more separations; where the heart and the intellect will be one, where the same door which leads into the pure intellect, will also be an entrance into the pure, perfect, happy heart — where the heart and the intellect will be no more separate, and all the faculties of the soul will harmonize together, as indeed they would here, did not our disunited sluggish bodies separate them. Prepare yourselves here below, my children, for the union of the understanding and the heart; then will your perceptions and emotions no longer change with the years, days and hours of your earthly lives, but perpetuate and confirm one another; and thus the impressions derived in friendship and in love from both, will remain beyond the grave, true, one and eternal.'

The old man knocked out his pipe, "and all the opponents, both those who had contended for the understanding and those who had contended for the heart, retired to their beds calm and reconciled." L. O.

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THE bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest; —  
In Lark and Nightingale we see  
What honor hath Humility.

## A SHORT SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT,

PREACHED TO A COMPANY OF SUNDAY SCHOLARS,  
ON A PLEASANT ISLAND.

(Concluded from page 221.)

I HAVE been talking to you now for some time of the Book of Nature. I told you that it was written in so plain a language every one could read it if he chose. But people do not always choose to read it, or to read it right, just as you do not always choose to read a book which your teacher or your parent recommends to you. A little while ago, I spoke about King David and his morning hymn; I said I supposed he sang it at sunrise; and I have no doubt he was looking towards the East, where the sun was to break forth like an oriental bridegroom from his chamber, and the reason why I mention it is this: because I was going to speak of those nations that used to worship the sun. The Persians you know, did, and they were called fire worshippers. I do not suppose that those who first worshipped the sun thought that the sun was itself God, but they could not see anything in creation that reminded them of God more than the sun did. It was the fountain of life, and light, and warmth to all creatures. In these things it was like God; it was the noblest thing God had made; it was the noblest image of him, and so they recognized it. Some say that those vast pyramids in Egypt and Mexico, were altars dedi-



cated to the sun. And one reason is because they are shaped very much in the way in which the sun's rays shoot down, as you will remember, if you have watched them just as the sun was going to re-appear from under the clouds. They form a sort of pyramid of light, resting on the earth with its top in the heavens. But the pyramids, others say, were built as sepulchres for the kings. However, we were talking about the worship of the sun, and you know you have read that men in ancient times, adored many other objects. They worshipped beasts; they worshipped the rivers, the woods, and a thousand different things, because they felt that God was everywhere, and in everything. They heard the voice of a spirit in the moaning of the winds and the murmuring of the waters, and the rustling of the trees, as the pious Indian does now; but still there was only one God.

After awhile, however, men fell into a wrong way of reading this great Book of Nature, which I have been speaking to you about. Once, for a long time, and in a great many places, people thought that this book was not all written by the same hand, but by two different hands. They could not think the same God made darkness and light — that the same God made sunshine and storm — that the same God gave us life and took it away again. So they thought there were two Gods; one loved us and the other hated us; and that these two great beings were all the time doing all they could to hinder and trouble each other. After many years, Moses came to the Jews and taught them that there was but one God, but still the Jews seemed to feel as if God loved only them, and not other nations, and this

was the same as if they had believed there were two Gods ; one good one for them, and another, not so good, for other people. At last Jesus came and taught them ; and he teaches us that the same God is good and kind to all ; that he is the father of all men ; and that when dark and dismal feelings come to us, the reason is not that He does not love us, but that he does love us ; only we have done wrong, or have forgotten him and he wishes by this suffering, to show that he cares for us, and would have us remember him and be good. So Jesus came to teach us how to read this Book of Nature right. He came to show us the Father, not only in his face, but in the face of nature. He would have you, my young friends, see your Heavenly Father every day, in all that is around and above you, and hear his kind voice always, and everywhere.

Never forget that you are God's children, and while you feel how good he is, open your eyes and lift them up and behold how great a being your Heavenly Father is. Here where you live you have great advantages for beholding God in his works. How many children there are cooped up in great cities and narrow streets, walled in with such high walls of brick and stone, that they seldom, perhaps never, see the sun or the blue sky, much less the green grass, or the running waters ; they see little to make them think of the presence of a living God ; everywhere they see only piles which men's hands have reared. But to you here, on this island, the great Book of Nature is open, and when you have read of the being whom Jesus describes to you in the Gospel, you can look forth and see Him in all his majesty. You can meditate upon him in the fields, you

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can hear his whisper in the murmur of the waters ; you can see the power of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand — you can feel the presence of him who walketh upon the wings of the wind — you can look up to the skies till you seem to be looking into the very countenance of God — you can stand on the ocean rocks and feel that you are also on the rock of ages. You ought to read the printed Bible and the Bible of Nature that I have been speaking of, both together ; when you read about God in the book, you ought to look into your own minds, and into the wonders of your own bodies, and feel who it is that keeps your heart beating when you are asleep, and then look up and think that the same Being keeps the moon and the stars as it were, hung in the sky ; this will teach you what is meant when it is said that he is a good and a great father. The printed Bible will show you how to read the Bible of Nature right. If you learn to feel that God is a father and a friend to you, you will never be unhappy when he makes cloudy and rainy days, but every day will be pleasant to you, and then you will be able to say, like a person I have heard of, that you can have just such weather as you please, “because,” said he, “whatever weather pleases my heavenly father, pleases me.” One of these days you will begin to study astronomy, I suppose some of you already study it ; I mean that study which tells about the heavens and the stars and all the great worlds above your head. Whenever you do, I hope you will study it well, and read the Book of Nature while you are reading the printed book. This study of the stars will lift your mind up and open it wide, and you will grow in your

ideas of the greatness and power and wisdom of God. Then you will learn that the great broad white streak in the skies seen at night, called the milky way, is a great multitude of suns, perhaps larger than the one we see every day, but so much farther off, that we can only see them in the night, when our sun is gone down, and then they seem like fine fiery dust; there is such a multitude of them. When you go along the street at night, you perhaps glance up at the stars now and then, as if they were spangles or golden pin-heads, in the roof of Heaven: but supposing you were told they were great worlds like this, only nobody knows how many times larger, or how many millions of millions of miles off. You will learn wonderful things from astronomy, but I can hardly give you any idea of it in this short time; I may some other time give you an astronomical sermon, but I must end this one now, and I will end it with Solomon's precept, "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I find no pleasure in them; while the sun and the moon and the stars are not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain" — this does not mean the clouds in the sky; because they do come very often, but it means you should remember God while your mind is clear, and has no clouds, and then when you grow up, the rain will not fall from your eyes in tears of sorrow, to think that you have not loved and obeyed God and your parents.

C. T. B.



## THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY ROSCOE.

THE shades of night at distance fled,  
The air was calm, the wind was still;  
And slow the slanting sunbeam spread  
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From floating clouds of pearly hue,  
Fell, in light drops, the recent shower,  
That hung like gems of morning dew,  
On every tree, and every flower.

And from the Blackbird's mellow throat  
Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,  
As echoed with responsive note  
From mountain side, and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,  
The offspring of delighted May,  
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,  
Launched in full splendor on the day!

Unconscious of a mother's care,  
No infant wretchedness she knew:  
But as she felt the vernal air,  
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,  
Her velvet-textured wings enfold,  
With all the rainbow's colours bright,  
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,  
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,  
Drank from the breeze the vital flood,  
And wonder'd at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broider'd wings,  
Through fields of air prepared to sail ;  
Then on her venturous journey springs,  
And floats along the vernal gale.

Go! child of pleasure, range the fields,  
Share all the joys that Spring can give ;  
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,  
And live while yet 't is time to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,  
The lily's honey'd cup explore ;  
From flower to flower, the search renew,  
And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,  
Thy moments, too, of short repose ;  
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,  
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while thus I musing stand,  
Swells on the gale an airy note,  
And, breathing from a viewless band,  
Soft, silvery tones around me float.

They cease ; but still a voice I hear,  
A whisper'd voice of hope and joy ;  
"Thy fated hour approaches near,  
Prepare thee, Mortal ! thou must die !

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Yet start not — on thy closing eyes,  
Another day shall still unfold,  
A sun of brighter radiance rise,  
A happier age of joys untold.

Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,  
The humblest form in Nature's train,  
Thus rise again to life and light,  
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

Ah, where were once her golden eyes,  
Her beauteous wings of purple pride?  
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,  
A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

Like thee this happy reptile lived,  
Like thee, he toiled, like thee he spun;  
Like thine his closing hour arrived,  
His labor ceased, his web was done.

And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,  
No happier state of being know?  
And shall no future morrow shed  
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

Is this the bound of power divine,  
To animate an insect frame?  
Or may not he who moulded thine  
Relume at will the vital flame?

Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,  
Enough to know to thee is given:  
Go, and the joyful truth relate,  
Frail child of earth, high heir of Heaven!"

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS AND THE  
TULIP.

## A FABLE.

IN the conservatory of a very rich man there was born a rare and splendid tulip. Long and anxiously had the master of the mansion waited for this flower to appear, day after day he watched the growing bud, till at last it burst its emerald sheath, and the concealed wonder of purple and yellow spread its wings to the light.

This was in the afternoon. In the evening there was a great entertainment given at the rich man's mansion. Soft music rose and fell, beauty glided in the dance, lamps glittered like fire-flies among the trees, a thousand odors filled the air with balm, a thousand flowers bloomed, and, placed in open view, the tulip stood, the wonder of the place.

All who saw it stopped and gazed with admiration, and came, and went, and came again, until the tulip grew vain, and swelled with pride, and forgot that her father and mother had been more beautiful than she; and in the excessive pride of her heart she called upon the other flowers to worship her.

Trained on the walls of the conservatory grew the oddest plant ever seen. It looked like nothing in the world but a coarse, clumsy, jointed stick, without grace, without a single leaf or flower. Yet when the other plants bowed their heads in awe of the gorgeous tulip, this, alone, refused.



"Wilt thou not worship my beauty?" cried the enraged tulip. "Dost thou not see this bevy of lovely women, lovelier by far than I, and yet they all acknowledge me to be the fairest of the fair. Why then dost thou refuse, vile stick, to follow their example?"

But the strange plant made no reply, only from an unnoticed bud, far up upon its highest branch, a faint, unearthly odor floated.

Then the tulip shook with anger when it saw this Mordecai of plants refuse to worship her, and all the other plants were astonished at the boldness of the misshapen thing. "Bow thy head," they cried, "and worship the beauty of the new born flower!"

But even now, while all were gazing on the wonderful tulip, the fragrance from the crooked plant increased and filled the room; little by little the bud from which it floated, swelled and stirred, and amid a hushing silence and the gaze of many eyes, the night-blooming Cereus unfolded her petals of snow, circled with crimson rays.

All waited for the flower to speak, but she bloomed in silence.

The new moon, a thread of silver, led by a single star, stole out from the bosom of a cloud where she had hid on hearing the tulip's angry words, to look down upon the blossom, but while she gazed, the petals began to close, the crimson rays drew themselves together to hide the death their beauty could not prevent, and in a few short moments the Night-blooming Cereus was a flower no more.

Then all who were present mourned, and the tulip was forgotten, but as the last breath of the dying,

flower trembled on the air, the proud beauty heard this mild reproof steal by her on the passing wind.

"I would have worshipped thy beauty unbidden, but thy pride restrained me."

C. C. C.

### CHARADE.

My first to all that is lovely lays claim :

Every beautiful woman is known by its name.

Anon 'tis a market where treasures are sold;

Of all sorts and kinds, for silver and gold;

The judge on the bench, the boy at his play,

Must each be my first or he 'll rue the day.

My second's a letter, — 't is now in my eye;

You 'll guess what it is as soon as you try.

My whole is a being can do what it pleases;

Sometimes it does good, and sometimes it teases,

Takes all sorts of shapes, is of all sorts of sizes;

And strange are the capers it often devises; —

At least, so they say, — I never saw one;

But one Mr. Shakspeare — (he 's pretty well known,

His writings are printed,) its form may have seen,

He describes it so well. Pray what can it mean?

E. L. F.

## THE PARACHUTE.

[See Frontispiece.]

JOHN DALE had been with his father to see a fine balloon sent up, and enjoyed the sight very much. Mr. Martyn, who went up in the car of the balloon, after sailing round among the clouds for some time, found something out of order in his apparatus, and was obliged to descend with a parachute which he had carried up with him. He accomplished his descent safely, and came down in a hay-field, to the great surprise and joy of the hay-makers.

John had been very much pleased and excited by the view of the ascent, and was delighted when he heard a glowing account of the appearance of Mr. Martyn, as he descended with his parachute. He was never satisfied with simply seeing what was curious or interesting, but always wanted every thing explained to him that he was capable of understanding; and he also liked very much to try experiments of his own, to make sure of the facts which had been explained to him. After Mr. Dale had given his little boy a simple account of the nature of a balloon, John wished very much to make one himself, and send up a car, with a doll or two in it, on an excursion among the clouds. As his father could not conveniently make the hydrogen gas which is commonly used to fill balloons, he filled a thin, air-tight, globular bag with common air rarefied, (that is, made thin and light), by heat; and to this John attached a

pasteboard car, and put in a few paper dolls, who soared up to the ceiling as often as he heated the balloon, and descended safely upon the carpet as it grew cool, to his great delight, and that of his little sister Margaret.

But his ambition was not quite satisfied with the mimic balloon. His father had described a parachute as shaped like an umbrella, and had tried to make him understand how the resistance of the atmosphere, and its accumulation under the rounded surface of the parachute, caused it to reach the ground with its burden without the shock which an unprotected body of the same weight, falling from the same height, would experience. John determined to put these ideas also to the test of experiment, and, arming himself with the largest umbrella he could lay his hands on, he went, with two of his school-mates, to whom he had recounted what he had heard from his father, and whose imaginations had already promised themselves the pleasure of jumping off church steeples safe under their umbrellas, to try his experiment on a small scale, preparatory to the great flights he hoped to take with his companions. He got out of a back window upon the shed, opened his umbrella, and fearlessly jumped off, expecting to reach the ground as quietly and softly as an autumn leaf. His poor knees and hands had another story to tell, however, and when he picked himself up, and found, to the surprise of his frightened companions, that no *bones* were broken, either in his own *frame* or that of the umbrella, he crept away to brush his clothes and bathe his bruises, somewhat crest-fallen, but thankful that matters were no worse; and inwardly determining to have nothing more to do with Parachutes. S. S. F.



## THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"TAKE this basket of cake and apples to your grandmother ; I think she will not be able to come and see us to-day," said Mrs. Davis to her daughter Jane, one fine morning in May.

"It is a long walk," said Jane, "and I had rather not go, I am afraid she will want me to stop and wait upon her. I wish you would get some poor boy to do grandmother's errands ; I want to enjoy my vacation, and not spend my time with old people, doing every little foolish thing which they could do just as well without."

"It is too bad," said Abby, to say that grandmother makes us do foolish things ; she is so pleasant that I love to do everything she asks me to do. Don't you think I could carry it, mother ?"

"Yes my dear, you may ; it is a long walk, but if you are tired you can sit down on one of those great stones by Mr. Johnson's orchard, and rest."

"I am so glad that you are willing to let me go ; and when I come home I intend to study Mabel, so that I can repeat the whole to cousin Henry when I go to uncle's. Nothing pleases him so much as to have me repeat poetry to him. I love to hear him laugh so loud when I say, —

"She first the table spread,  
And then she fed the dog and bird,  
And then she made the bed."

Grandmother has no dog and bird to feed."

"Is it to be like Mabel that you wish to go and wait upon your grandmother?"

"No, mother, I should like to go there if I had never heard a word about Mabel, but I keep thinking about her when she sends me out to pick up sticks to kindle her fire; and repeat the story to myself."

"I don't choose in vacation," said Jane, "to spend my time in picking up sticks for grandmother, or anybody else; I had rather go to walk with some of the school girls, and pick flowers for myself. May I go mother, and call some of them?"

"Yes, if you will come home in good season for dinner; I think Abby may stay at your grandmother's all day, and I wish to have one of you at home this afternoon, because I expect some company."

Jane put on her bonnet and shawl, and set off; Abby took the basket in her hand and left the house at the same time.

"Why don't you walk my way Jane," said Abby; "if you are going to call the Coffins it will be nearer than going through Green street."

Jane looked rather ashamed, and said, "I had rather go this way."

"How odd you are; what can be the reason? you very often make me go out of my way to walk with you because you say you hate to take a long walk alone. What can make you act so?"

"I will tell you if you will promise not to tell mother."

"I will not promise any such thing. I will tell mother everything I know, good or bad."

"I don't care, I will tell you. Perhaps you will

forget it if you are going to spend the day at grandmother's. It is because I will not walk with you when you carry that great bundle. I don't think people who have as much money as we have, ought to do such things; it looks as if we were mean. And then too, any one might take you for a kitchen girl."

"That is too silly — I am sure I like our Susan as well as any parlor girl I ever knew; and as for being mean, some of the meanest people I know, are those who are so proud that they will not carry a bundle or do anything for themselves."

"I never will carry a bundle when I can help it. There are a great many persons whom I should be ashamed to meet if I had one in my hand." So saying, she ran off, and left Abby to take the basket to her grandmother.

Abby found her grandmother looking very happy, though she was quite alone. "Come and give me a kiss, my little girl," said she, as Abby entered the door. "So you have brought me something good, this morning — your mother is a good woman. She has enough to do, with the care of her family and baby, without baking cake for me every two or three days. I don't wish her to do it; I can get gingerbread of the baker any day, and I like that very well."

"Mother says she loves to bake for you, because you seem to like her cake better than anything else; and you know Susan loves the baby so well, and takes so much care of it, that mother gets a great deal of time to do housework."

"How is the baby to-day? Your father told me her teeth troubled her last Sunday."

"She is very well, and as bright as she can be. I wish mother would let me draw her over here in her little carriage; but she says it is too far, and I shall get tired. She means to come and bring her herself soon; and she says I shall come with her. Is there anything I can do for you, Grandmother?"

"Yes, you may take this pail and go into Mr. Woodward's and get me some milk, I am going to make a pudding to-day."

Abby stepped away, and brought home the milk.

"Now my dear, you may break these eggs and beat them."

In five minutes Abby had done this.

"Now," said she, "what shall I do?"

"You may peel these apples for sauce, and after that I have nothing more for you to do. You may take your knitting, or read aloud to me while I am at work."

"I should rather work if you please, because I have a great many things that I wish to tell you about."

"You know I am always glad to hear anything that pleases and interests you."

"I have begun to write composition at school, and like it very much. I am going to write a letter to you this week, and I believe I shall describe our school and tell you something about the scholars. Should you like that?"

"Yes, very much, but you must be careful not to say anything of the scholars which will hurt their feelings. I think it would not be a good plan for you to give me their characters."

"I did not mean to do that, I was only thinking I would tell you their names, and something about



their studies. The composition is to be read aloud, and it would not do to give their characters. I wish to ask your advice, grandmother, about a birth-day present for me to give mother. I have about two dollars which would buy her something very pretty, but I think she would like to have me make something for her, for she has often said that she valued any trifle much more than a friend had taken the trouble to make, than a very expensive present which was purchased."

"I will tell you my dear how you can manage it. You can ask your mother to let you spend a few days with me next week, and make your present while you are here. You know how pleasant it is to have a present come unexpectedly."

"That is what I should be delighted to do if mother is willing. She lets us visit as much as we please in our vacation, and I will tell you what I should like to make; an old fashioned thread-case. I once heard mother say she should like one like yours. Would you get silk, or is there any thing else that is prettier?"

"I would get silk, and I will show you how to make it."

When Abby went home at night, she asked her mother if she was willing to let her spend a few days at her grandmother's. Her mother made no objection, but Jane said, "I think it is a stupid place to visit at."

"I think," said her mother, "Abby came home from her grandmother's much happier than you did from your walk."

"That was because the girls acted so."

"If grandmother's is such a stupid place, what makes Abby look so bright and happy when she has been there?"

"You know, mother, that our Abby is pleased with little silly things that would not please any body else in the world. I don't know another girl of her age that would like to spend two or three days with an old lady like grandmother."

"I know two or three that visit old ladies very often."

"May I go next Monday?" said Abby.

"Yes," said her mother.

She had a very pleasant visit and came home quite delighted. Her grandmother praised the thread-case very much. She folded it up and laid it in her mother's plate on the morning of her birth-day. Her mother said, on coming to the table, "Don't leave your work on the table, my dears. Abby, it is your week; take this silk away out of my plate."

The girls began to laugh, and Mrs. Davis to suspect something. Then there was a shout and frolic. Jane had purchased a very pretty purse for her mother; but she did not seem half as much pleased with it as with Abby's present. Jane walked, and visited, and had a great deal of company, but did not enjoy her vacation very much. She was seeking her own happiness, and not thinking of making others happy, while Abby was trying to promote the comfort and pleasure of all who came in her way, and in that way enjoyed much herself. "The great secret of happiness," some one has justly remarked, "is to be moderate in our expectations for ourselves, and unwearied in our endeavors to procure it

for others." When the vacation was over, Jane said she hated vacations, and hoped they never should have another. Abby said she intended to spend some part of every vacation with her grandmother, for she loved the old lady better and better every time she went to see her.

H.

GIVING.

THE sun gives ever; so the earth —  
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;  
The ocean gives in many ways —  
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:  
So, too, the air, it gives us breath —  
When it stops giving, comes in death.

Give, give, be always giving;

Who gives not, is not living.

The more you give,

The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheap'd;

Only by giving is it reap'd.

The body withers, and the mind,

If pent in by a selfish rind.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,

Give love, give tears, and give thyself.

Give, give, be always giving,

Who gives not, is not living.

The more we give,

The more we live.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

## A PARABLE.

[From the German of Krummacher.]

A COUNTRYMAN one day went to the mansion of a wealthy lord. Here he heard the singing of a bird in a gilt cage. On approaching it, he saw it was a Nightingale. With a feeling of melancholy, he stood and leaned upon his staff, and listened to the song.

Then the servants of the rich man came to him and said, "Wherefore art thou amazed, that thou standest thus musing there?"

"I am amazed," answered the countryman, "that your master can bear the sad notes of the imprisoned bird in his splendid mansion."

"Thou fool," replied one of the servants, "does the song of the Nightingale seem sad to thee in thy fields and woods?"

"No," rejoined the farmer, "there its song fills me with delight and admiration."

"Are its notes then different there?" asked the man, with a contemptuous smile.

"Certainly," said the countryman. "Our Nightingales, amidst sprays covered with leaves and blossoms, chant the praises of renewed nature; they sing under the open canopy of heaven the song of liberty, and over their brooding mates the notes of love."

At this the servants raised a loud laugh, and called the countryman a simple clown. But he held his peace, and returned quietly to his cottage and his fields.





